Now doe you know the reason of this haste?
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed:
Looke sir, here's comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Jul. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, must be love on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. That's a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?
Jul. To answer that I should confesse to you.
Par. Doe not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confesse to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye I am sure that you love me.
Jul. If I doe so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, than to your face.
Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.
Jul. The teares have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spight.
Par. Thou wrongst it more than teares with that report.
Jul. That is no slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandred it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now?
Or shall I come to you at evening Masse?
Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:
My Lord, we must intreat the time alone.
Pa. God shield I should disturbe devotion.
Juliet, on thursday early will I rowse ye,
Till then adieu, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit.*
Jul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past helpe.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy griefe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits;
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.

Jul.

Jul. Tell me not Frier t
Unlesse thou tell me how I
If in thy wisdome thou ca
Doe thou but call my resol
And with this knife Ile he
God join'd my heart and
And ere this hand by thee
Shall be the Labell to anot
Or my true heart with trea
Turne to another, this sha
Therefore out of thy long e
Give me some present cou
'Twixt my extremes and m
Shall play the Umpire, arbi
Which the commission of
Could to no issue of true h
Be not so long to speake, I
If what thou speak'st speak
Fri. Hold daughter, I d
Which craves as desperate
As that is desperate which
If rather than to marry Co
Thou hast the strength of w
Then is it likely thou wilt
A thing like death to chide
That coop'st with death hi
And if thou dares't, Ile give
Jul. Oh bid me leape, ra
From off the battlements
Or walke in theevish wayes
Where serpents are: chaine
Or hide me nightly in a cha
Ore covered quite with de
With reekie shankes, and
Or bid me goe into a new
And hide me with a dead
Things that to heare them